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Agricultural.

COMMERCIAL CROP REPORTS.

Until within a recent period newspapers circulating in the country always held up, as an inducement to subscribers, the completeness of their market reports, and many farmers based their opinions on the prices according to these reports, but like all goods that become staple and necessary, the many adulterations have rendered them almost worthless. It is surprising to note the conflicting reports sent out, all based upon "reliable sources." An attempt to reduce any of them to practice in the marketing of farm produce, is almost sure to result in a reversal of the prediction, and a consequent loss to the producer. These reports are doubtless manufactured for this very purpose. The real facts in every case are gleaned and furnished by paid experts, who are sent the country over, if necessary, to procure information pertaining to the growing or matured crops. These reports are no more public property than bank deposits, and are as scrupulously guarded. If the crop is likely to be short, either a report is made to order, or certain cases here and there are reported, showing a large increase in acreage or yield with the evident purpose of influencing holders of the crop to sell at present rates, that the advance may come while the product is in the speculators' hands. The commercial newspapers may be innocent of the fraud practiced, but they are open to the criticism of conniving to help gamblers to prey upon their readers, by publishing reports entirely at variance with official facts and figures. These reports from the different States, when analyzed according to location, have a grim humor that is only appreciated by those who perpetrate the joke; for instance, during the latter part of June and the first of July last, in the crop reports from the different States furnished through the associated press dispatches, the reports from Michigan came from Saugatuck or Muskegon. This invariably showed "a surprising improvement in the growth and maturity of the wheat crop." Now a report from Saugatuck on the "catch" of fish, or the price of lumber might have been of some importance in a commercial report under its proper heading, but that the prospects for the wheat crop of Michigan should be rated from its appearance on the yellow sand of that settlement, is rather overdoing the ridiculous. There are Saugatucks enough in every State to do duty as a source from which to send a bogus report, and doubtless such are used. Should a false report come from Kalamazoo, or Ann Arbor, or Hillsdale, or Grand Rapids, the denial would come too thick to be pleasant, and might act as a boomerang to these falsifiers, and so such tales seldom appear to indicate the crop prospects in their vicinity.

After the universal freeze of Sept. 9th it was interesting to note the almost frantic attempt to prove the corn was still uninjured. Several reports stated that corn was really benefitted by the frost by ripening it up sooner. These report manufacturers did not know that a freeze like that is the worst calamity that can befall a growing crop. Had all the corn been cut up by the root the day before, it would now be fifty percent better. So with beans, a freeze in a manner cooks the grain so that it ferments and spoils. Beans pulled before the frost, even though somewhat green, came out bright and ripe, while rows in the same field left standing during that fatal night are now mouldy and sour.

Prices for farm products may now be said to have no natural tendency either up or down, as influenced by supply and demand; prices both ways are manufactured. The crop grown from the soil is handicapped by the crop grown in the air. Wheat and corn are not bought to grind into food for man and beast, these are incidental features of the trade. They are bought for the margin expected. If speculation was confined to actual exchanges of the commodity, there could be no ground for protest, but when as much fictitious grain is sold as is raised from the soil, and these reported sales are

CLINTON COUNTY FAIR.

The twenty-ninth exhibition of the Clinton County Agricultural Society opened under rather unfavorable circumstances. The heavy rain on Tuesday night and Wednesday morning made the outlook rather discouraging, but by extending the time until Saturday it was fairly successful. The Ladies' Cornet Band was on the ground and discoursed fine music. Also a gentleman's band, that added to the pleasure of the occasion.

The ladies made a fine show of their fancy work in art hall. The quality of the vegetables and fruit was good, but in quantity less than it should be. Implement and wagon dealers made a fair showing.

The entries in the live stock department were said to be in excess of former years. Wm. Armour, of Duplaine, was out with his Shorthorns, among which were his recent purchases at the Lansing sale. In this herd are several descendants of Evangeline by Moss Trooper 5025, tracing to imp. Princess by Wellington (684).

Mr. Armour is equipping himself to do some much needed work in the way of improving the stock of his county. Mr. R. M. Steele showed two Shorthorns. R. B. Carus was on hand with his herd of Galloways; also his Shorthorns purchased at the Ball & Boyden sale. Mr. C. S. Gillman showed his Holstein bull. Mr. C. L. Harrison, of Lansing, showed his fine herd of Holsteins. Four of his herd were imported by B. B. Lord of Sinclairville, N. Y. Two were bred by W. L. Cheney, Belmont, Mass. The bull now at the head of the herd, which is for sale, was bred by Smith & Powell, of Syracuse, N. Y. Mr. Harrison has recently purchased a young bull to place at the head of his herd that was sired by Lord's Jumbo, that lately sold for \$2,500. Although he has been breeding Holsteins only a year he has some fine representatives as any in the State,

There was a good show of horses. The speed horses were too numerous to mention. Among them were some fine ones, the get of Kyra. John Wandell showed five horses for all work. H. G. W. Hall showed 14 head of Percherons that were a fine lot and will be heard from hereafter. Lewis Boron showed his imported horse Champion Cub that attracted our attention. He is a horse of majestic carriage, has a good disposition, heavy limbs, large muscles and good action. He was imported from Scotland by T. Beals of Pennsylvania, and judging from specimens of his get that we saw is a very prepotent sire.

There was also a good show of sheep. Seven pens of Cotswolds. Of Merinos, R. B. Carus, one pen; C. T. Gillman, four pens; J. W. Besley, six pens; John Shaver & Son, one pen; also four pens of fine wool grades.

F. M. Dean, Pewamo, showed ten pens of a draft from his flock of Merinos that took individually or collectively were a show of great merit.

We were especially interested in looking over his stock ram Noonday and his get. He is a ram of good size, fine style, is well folded, and has every appearance of having a strong constitution. One of a pen of yearling ewes comes very near our ideal of a Merino. A ewe bred by E. E. Crane, of Vermont, had many admirers; also a yearling ram bred by S. B. Palmer and G. B. Reed, of Norwell. This is a ram that has wrinkles enough for any one, and his style and general appearance are pleasing.

In the cattle class there was a fair representation. J. M. Bowby, C. Hibbard & Son, Elmer Warren and A. H. Warren were among the Shorthorn exhibitors.

C. Hibbard & Son led in numbers and won first on cow four years old, first and second on cows three years old, first on heifer two years old, first on heifer one year, first on bull calf, first on heifers and second on aged bull.

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DETROIT, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1883.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week were 393,569 bu., and the shipments were 204,470. The stocks now held in this city amount to 411,646 bu., against 363,787 last week, and 235,475 the corresponding week in 1882. The visible supply of this grain on Oct. 6 was 28,532,288 bu., against 26,964,337 the previous week, and 18,946,219 bu. at corresponding date in 1882. This shows an increase over the amount in sight the previous week of 1,557,849 bu. The exports for Europe for the week were 984,404 bu., against 855,620 bu. the previous week, and for the past eight weeks 11,077,451 bu., against 26,823,663 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1882.

The past week has been a bad one for holders of wheat. Receipts have been heavy at all leading points, and the visible supply has been increased until it is the largest ever known. It appears from this that most farmers have been very free sellers in the face of extremely low rates, no doubt influenced by the fear that prices were going lower in some instances, but generally because there has been a failure in some of the other farm crops, and they have been compelled to meet current expenses. This is less so in Michigan than in most other States, farmers here being able to hold a crop whenever they deem it advisable, without any trouble. But further west, where new settlers are engaged in growing wheat to the exclusion of nearly everything else, they have been compelled to accept present prices, and their crop has been sacrificed. It is from this source that the heavy receipts come, and with wheat at present prices, heavy railroad charges to pay for transporting it to market, the wheat grower of the northwest must receive but a light reward for his labor. When the present enormous stocks begin to disappear, as they will within the next sixty days, it will be seen, we think, that the wheat sold now went below its intrinsic value. There is nothing at present to sustain the market, but it is getting to a point where capitalists will see sufficient margin in present prices as compared with future prospects, to enter the market as speculators. Indeed the present depression is very likely the result to some extent, of the manipulations of those who are crowding down prices to the lowest point so as to increase the profits of an investment. Prices the past week have ruled very steady in this market, and at the close showed a slight advance than those ruling at the beginning of the week.

## HOPS AND BARLEY.

The hop market ruled active, firm and somewhat higher early last week, but quieted down later in the week under unfavorable reports from the English markets, where prices were said to be lower under increasing offerings and a lighter demand. The eastern markets are about the same as a week ago, the demand however, somewhat lighter. Growers have sold liberally the past week, and prices ranged from 22 to 25¢ per lb., the latter being realized for choice samples. At Cooperstown stores were made at from 20 to 24¢, at Utica prices were higher, and sales were made as high as 25¢; at Cobleskill prices ranged from 21 to 23¢; at Carnaroharie sales were made at 21 to 23¢, with a firm market. At Waterville the market is firm, especially for choice hops, which are scarce, and prices have ranged at from 20 to 25¢ per lb. The Times of that place says:

"Since Tuesday the market has remained active and many transactions have taken place, still our dealers will not pay the highest price but for occasionally an exceptional lot. Many growers refuse the prices offered, and though many samples of the various grades taken, make it difficult to obtain as good prices as were secured a few days ago, and to that extent the market is easier. We do not learn of any pressure to sell, however, of good qualities being offered at lower prices, that would indicate weakness."

Quotations in that market yesterday were as follows:

	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	
No. 1 white.	white.	No. 2 white.	No. 2 red.	
Oct. 1.....	1 07½	1 02	1 05½	96½
2.....	1 07	1 02	1 05½	96
3.....	1 07	1 02	1 05½	96
4.....	1 07½	1 02	1 05½	96
5.....	1 06½	1 02	1 04½	96
6.....	1 06	1 01	1 04	95
7.....	1 06	1 01	1 04	95
8.....	1 06	1 01	1 04	95
9.....	1 06	1 01	1 03	95
10.....	1 06	96½	1 02½	92
11.....	1 06	96	1 02½	92
12.....	1 06	96	1 02½	92
13.....	1 06	96	1 01	94
14.....	1 06	96	1 01	94
15.....	1 06	96	1 01	94

Speculative trading is light for the season, but prices on futures are steady, with a greater show of firmness toward the end of the week. The following table gives the closing prices of the various deals each day during the past week:

	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
Tuesday.....	1 06½	1 04½	1 06½
Wednesday.....	1 06	1 04	1 06
Thursday.....	1 06	1 04	1 06
Friday.....	1 06½	1 04½	1 06½
Saturday.....	1 06	1 05	1 06
Monday.....	1 06	1 04½	1 06

Some sales of January wheat were made at 96.

In Chicago No. 2 spring wheat sold on Saturday at 9½¢ per bu., No. 3 spring at 8½¢, and No. 2 red winter at \$1 01. There is much complaint of rust in spring wheat in the northwest, which is cutting down expected returns materially. The Chicago Tribune of Saturday says:

"One of the oldest heads on 'Change said yesterday: 'Mr. wool, wheat will sell lower within the next ten years than at any time within the next five months.' That is all he said, but the remark was probably based on the belief entertained by some others that there is again a wheat clique which intends to see how much virtue there is in the article. It does not seem likely that much could be done in the way of thus wheating wheat thus early in the season, with such an utter lack of European demand. It may be that they do not want to buy it yet, but there are some people who believe that prominent parties who have been

sellers for three weeks past bought through brokers a good deal more than they sold directly.

In regard to the foreign outlook there is nothing new to report. Stocks of foreign wheat in Great Britain are very heavy, but on the continent very light. With the very light crop of the British Islands these stocks are not so large as they look, and any evidence of an increased continental demand or of lighter supplies here, would strengthen their markets at once.

The following table shows the prices ruling at Liverpool on Monday last, as compared with those of one week previous:

	Oct. 15.	Oct. 8.
Flour, extra State.....	12s. 0 d.	12s. 0 d.
Wheat, No. 1 white.....	8s. 6 d.	8s. 6 d.
do Spring No. 88.....	8s. 6 d.	8s. 6 d.
do do now.....	8s. 2 d.	8s. 2 d.
do Western 1882.....	8s. 7 d.	8s. 7 d.

lb., and buyers scarce. Our local market is somewhat stronger, and a choice sample would probably command 25¢ per lb., with most brewers and dealers offering 21 to 24¢ per lb., according to quality. There are very few hops in Michigan this year.

Barley was received in this market the past week to the amount of 18,734 bu., with shipments of 1,803 bu. The visible supply of this grain October 6 was 873,552 bu., against 784,962 bu. the previous week, and 121,308 bu. at the corresponding date in 1882. This shows an increase in the amount "in sight" of 68,590 bu. There is nothing new in the barley market. Prices are about the same as a week ago, and range from \$1 25 to \$1 35 per cental for fair to good samples of State, and \$1 50 for Canadian. The receipts are ample to meet all demands at present. The Chicago market is quoted more active, with No. 2 western at 60¢ per bu., the same price as ruled a week ago. In futures, October is selling at 60¢ per bu., and November at 61¢. The Milwaukee market is firm, at 61¢ for No. 2 spot, and 51¢ for No. 3. The outlook does not favor any advance at present, as stocks are ample and receipts above the average of former years.

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past week to the amount of 18,734 bu., with shipments of 1,803 bu. The visible supply of this grain October 6 was 873,552 bu., against 784,962 bu. the previous week, and 121,308 bu. at the corresponding date in 1882. This shows an increase in the amount "in sight" of 68,590 bu. There is nothing new in the barley market. Prices are about the same as a week ago, and range from \$1 25 to \$1 35 per cental for fair to good samples of State, and \$1 50 for Canadian. The receipts are ample to meet all demands at present. The Chicago market is quoted more active, with No. 2 western at 60¢ per bu., the same price as ruled a week ago. In futures, October is selling at 60¢ per bu., and November at 61¢. The Milwaukee market is firm, at 61¢ for No. 2 spot, and 51¢ for No. 3. The outlook does not favor any advance at present, as stocks are ample and receipts above the average of former years.

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A man who gave his name as Rev. James Young of Philadelphia, was arrested at London, Ont., for passing bogus checks on two merchants of that city. Several other documents of the same nature were found on his person after arrest.

At St. Thomas, Ont., on the 11th, a two-year-old daughter of J. H. Price who had been taken to a photograph gallery to have her picture taken, found a dish containing a quantity of cyanide of potassium in the operator's room, which she drank, dying half an hour later.

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Standard oil field 200 miles long has been discovered in California, and it is said that Wyoming is a second Pennsylvania so far as oil is concerned. Wyoming has a budding monopoly in shape of a company that owns the nine oil basins in the territory. Natural oil fountains have been found in Venezuela, South America.

Several weeks ago a book of about 500 postal notes was stolen from an Ohio postoffice. Last week a number of bogus postal notes for \$4.90 each were presented for payment at the Indianapolis postoffice. It was found there was a "crookedness" about them and after several had been redeemed payment was refused. It is thought these may be the stolen notes.

#### Foreign.

Floods in the province of Castellon in Spain, have inundated several villages, and ruined the crops.

The Czar of Russia and Emperor William did not agree upon a place to meet to hold the proposed conference.

Port au Prince, the capital of Hayti, was pillaged by a mob last week, and one-half the city laid in ashes.

The Russian ironclad Minin was damaged \$50,000 in battle with English ships during which she collided with two English ships.

French budget shows a deficit of five million francs while the minister of finance proposes to cover by reducing government expenses.

The commercial community of Shanghai is greatly excited over the political situation between France and China, and financial embarrassments are numerous.

It is said that recruits from Upper Egypt for the Sudan are being brought to Cairo in batches of 30 or 30, chained together by their necks. Many of them, including old gray-bearded men, are hand-cuffed to huge blocks of wood.

## Farm Law.

Inquiries from subscribers falling under this head will be answered in this column if the replies are of general interest. Address communications to Henry A. Haigh, Attorney, Sets Block, Detroit.

#### Are Blooded Cattle Taxable?

Law Editor of the Michigan Farmer.  
Will you please give me the law or custom taxing blooded cattle in this State? Is it right to tax one as \$5,000 worth of personal property? I know of one that is assessed at \$10,000, causing an enormous tax. If such is the law I will never buy any such cattle.

SUBSCRIBER.

**Answer.**—"Blooded cattle," as well as all other kinds of property, are subject to taxation. The law makes no distinction on account of race or color or quality of blood. All property, with the exception of a few specified exemptions, (like property belonging to benevolent and charitable institutions, churches, libraries, etc., personal wearing apparel, family pictures, furniture and utensils under a certain value) is subject to taxation. The object of the law is to place the burden of government equally on all property. It makes no difference whether the property be money in hand or in bank, or loaned, or invested in lands, or shares of stock, or in "blooded cattle." It ought not to make any difference in the amount of our inquirer's taxes, whether he buys cattle or any other kind of property, or keeps his money in the bank. Unless he invests it in something exempt from taxation, like the things above mentioned, or in government bonds, it should pay the same tax. This is the law of the matter. The custom is somewhat different. Supervisors long ago fell into the way of assessing the tax largely against the real estate and of letting much personal property go free. They put the tax upon those visible objects of property the ownership of which is notorious. If a farmer owns a valuable herd of "blooded" cattle, they will assess him a larger personal tax than if he had an equal value invested in mortgages or shares of stock. This is a wrong which is very difficult to correct. People will lie about their investments and the amount of money owing to them, and supervisors having a certain tax to raise in their respective townships, will assess it upon the property which they can see. The result is a wrong upon real estate, and other such visible kinds of property, because it makes capital shun them as investments, as in the case of our friend who says he will never buy any "blooded cattle" if the law requires them to be so taxed. As to the value at which property should be assessed the law is very explicit. It should be at its cash value, and this term is defined as "the usual selling price, at the place where the property to which the term is applied shall be at the time of assessment, being the price which could be obtained therefor at private sale, and not at forced or auction sale." (Public Acts, 1882, page 13.)

If one borrows money to buy blooded cattle with or is in debt for any other reason, he can have the amount of such indebtedness deducted from the value of his property as assessed. This provision, I apprehend, is very often overlooked and property is thus in some instances taxed twice.

H. A. H.

#### Who Makes the Judges?

In reply to W. J. L., who asks how judges get their appointments and how long they hold office, it may be said: Federal judges are appointed by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate, and hold office for life if they behave themselves; and State judges are elected by the people for a term of six years, and are usually re-elected if they are good. Federal judges get from \$3,500 to \$10,500 a year, and State judges from \$2,500 to \$4,500.

At Lancaster, Ohio, recently, during a colored camp meeting, a party of young white men from Mount Pleasant and mocked the proceedings below. Butch Shannon lost his balance and slipped over a precipice 300 feet, and was dashed to death on the jagged rocks.

SPENCERIAN BUSINESS COLLEGE.—Messrs. Spencer, Felton & Loomis, the firm who recently became proprietors of the Mayhew Business College, so long and ably conducted by the Hon. Ira Mayhew, are proving themselves entirely capable of conducting a first-class commercial college. They have remodeled the fine set of rooms occupied in the Board of Trade Building on Jefferson Avenue, and fitted them up elegantly. The Faculty has been strengthened by the addition of a number of well known and experienced instructors in the various branches taught at the College, among whom we are pleased to note the name of the Hon. Ira Mayhew. The Faculty consists of P. R. Spencer, Superintendent of Penmanship Department, E. A. Felton, Superintendent Business Department, Henry T. Loomis, Principal and Business Manager, Ira Mayhew, Lecturer on the Science of Accounts, etc., T. J. Risinger, Templeton P. Twiggs, Manager Practical Department, M. R. Campbell, in charge of English Training School, L. B. Case, Teacher of Short-hand, Miss Martha B. Lilly, Teacher of Telegraphy, and R. M. Chamberlain, Lecturer on Commercial Law. With such a crop of instructors as the above, and under energetic management, the future of this College seems assured.

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## Poetry.

## FALL MOSAICS.

## STUBBLE FIELDS.

Along the hills the squares of gold  
That check the fading green,  
A sweater tale to me have told  
That many a winter scene.  
The winding swallows by rovers made,  
Like wrinkles ill-concealed  
By time on aged beauty laid,  
Adorn the stubble field.

## AUTUMN RAIN.

Steely, downright, noiseless rain,  
Emblem of Almighty power,  
Soft as dews that bathe the plain,  
Unlike summer's lurid shower,  
After summer's torrid rage,  
Thou art like the rest of age.

Patient as a Father's love,  
Steely as the Christian's trust,  
Noiseless falling from above  
On the unjust and the just;  
Storing wealth in field and spring  
Summer's coming days shall bring.

## FROST.

It smote the flowers in its wrath,  
It smote the weed beside the path;  
Blind in its rage it smote the corn,  
As well as blossoms that adorn.  
The crimson wreaths of climbing vine,  
That round the forest seem'd much twine,  
The frost and earth seem'd blind as fate,  
And stop not to discriminate.

SOUNDS FROM THE FIELDS.  
There's a hummin' drone and undertone  
Of cricket and locust and bee,  
From the drowsy fields at noon,  
Like a child who sings to itself alone,  
Then nods and sleeps to the melody  
Of its own undisturbed tune.

A. T. Warden.

## LOVE'S ELIXIR.

I thought when leaves were falling  
Along the woodland ways,  
That life was like the seasons,  
And lonesome autumn days  
Would follow youth's bright summer,  
And under skies grown cold  
The heart must sit in sadness,  
Because it growth old.

Then you, whose love I lean on,  
Smiled down into my eyes,  
And though the leaves were falling,  
I saw the summer skies.  
You kissed me, and the blossoms  
Of summer days came back,  
True heart, love be with us  
What can the seasons lack?

I quaff of love's elixir.  
My heart is always young!  
I have found the fabled fountain  
Of which old poets sing:  
Oh, love me, love me always  
And though my hair grows gray,  
My heart will keep the sunshine gray,  
That gilds the summer day,

—Edes E. Reed.

## Miscellaneous.

## THE QUAKER ARTIST.

"I tell thee now, Richard, that thee'll never get a cent of my money if thee keeps on with the devil's work."

The speaker was Friend Joseph Harris, and he held at arm's length a small picture in water colors, the features of which were hardly discernible in the gloom of the winter morning. Friend Joseph had been at the barn, as was his custom, to fatten the cattle and feed the horses before breakfast, and had discovered this humble bit of art in a nook in the granary. He did not have to be told that it was his son Richard's work, whose inclination to such ungodly pursuits had been the dis-tress of his parent's lives.

A full of suppressed wrath, Joseph burst into the kitchen where the family were awaiting breakfast, and without preface addressed his son with the threat which he considered the most dreadful he could use—that of disinheritance. It meant something, too, for in spite of his plain surroundings, Joseph Harris owned nearly 200 acres of land worth easily \$150 an acre, and his visits on the first of April of each year were not to pay interest, but to receive it. A tall, straight figure, he was nearing sixty years of age, but as vigorous as a youth, with quick motions and sharp black eyes, indicating a violent nature chained for life by the strict discipline of the Society of Friends.

His son Richard, now turned of twenty-two, was of a different mould, short and stoutly built. His face at a first sight seemed heavy and vacant, but this was in fact the abstraction of the dreamer. His soft brown eyes, and hair clustering in thick curls over his low and broad forehead, made amends for his somewhat commonplace features.

The moment his father entered the kitchen Richard felt that his secret labor had been discovered, but his anxiety was more for it than for himself. He rarely dared face his father's anger, for Joseph Harris, like many of his sex, made up in severity at home for the smooth, passionless exterior he maintained abroad.

"Will thee give it to me, father?" said Richard, advancing toward the outstretched hand which held the sketch, while the hand's owner contemplated it with un-speakable disgust.

Poor little painting. It was the frag-ment of an autumn afternoon, during which Richard had been husking corn in "the hill field," and which had abided in his memory clothed with the halo of a hundred day-dreams. There was a corner of a woods, the foliage half green, half shading into tints of brown and red. A rivulet leaving a piece of meadow still gay with autumn flowers and green with wet grass, flowed rippling and sparkling out of the sunlight into the shade of the dying leaves. What courage and hope it must have! Richard followed in thought its waters as they flowed on to Chester creek and then to the stately Delaware river, and far out till they met the mighty ocean which washes the shores of the world.

And as he mechanically plunged his husking-knife into the shucks and turned out the golden ears one after the other, he humbly took his lesson to himself, as was his wont, and said: "I, too, must have courage, firmer hope. Why should I not go forward in my study of art with greater faith? I must, I will." And to fasten the vow he had painted two studies of this little piece of meadow as a constant remainder, snatching the time on first

days and fifth days, when his father and mother were at meeting, and he and Moses Riddle, the colored man, were left to look after the stock. One copy he had sent on a venture to a commission house in New York, the other he had hidden in the barn.

It had acquired a kind of sanctity to him, and each tree had become a symbol of rebuff or danger he was fated to encounter in his future life. He had, moreover, described it to Sibylla Vernon, and had promised this sole confidante of his aspirations that he would bring it over some time and let her see it. But Sibylla lived two miles away, and as her parents were also strict members of the Friends, who regarded every work of art as profanity, this would have to be managed with due caution.

Richard's first impulse, therefore was to secure the picture. But his father had a double cause of displeasure and his anger was deep. He had agreed to give Richard a fourth share in the profits of the farm this year, and not only was this painting business an ungodly amusement, but also a waste of precious time and a loss of money. It must be stopped.

"I'll put it where it deserves to go, and where they will follow unless she turns the steps from the world and its follies. But the fire that thou wilt meet will be that which is not quenched, and where the worm dieth not."

With these words, which Friend Harris spoke slowly and with that slight chanting intonation which characterizes the utterances of the speakers in meeting, the solemnity of which was further increased by the use of the formal "thou" instead of the usual "thee," he stepped to the kitchen fire-place, where a goodly fire was burning under the crane, and striking the picture against the corner of the mantelpiece, tore a ragged split through its centre and threw the whole into the flames. In a moment it was a shriveled cinder.

There are certain natures whose inherent strength can only be developed by a violent shock. Full of latent power, their weakness comes from a native humility. They distrust themselves through a genuine admiration of others. Such was Richard Harris. But the necessary shock had come. He gazed a moment at the cinders, his face crimsoning, but the severe discipline of the Society and the family exercised the sway that it usually does even on the very young among Friends.

"Father," he said, with a low and even tone, "I repeat what I have often said; I have no light that there is evil in painting; but as thou thinks there is, I shall bid thee and mother farewell to-day and seek employment elsewhere. I shall not make thee for any share in thy estate."

Taking his hat from the window sill, he passed out of the kitchen door; leaving his father speechless with amazement at this rebellious utterance, and his mother—a poor weak woman, constantly in misery between carrying out the severe rules of her husband whom she feared, and yielding to her tenderness for the boy whom she loved—wiping her tears without emitting any sound, either word or sob. As for his two sisters they sat dumb and motionless through the whole scene, at heart rather pleased at it, as they had no sympathy with their brother's taste for forbidden arts, and thought him a queer, wasteful, uncomfortable member of the household. Moreover, though younger than he, they were not too young to see at once the pecuniary advantage to them of this renunciation of his share of the estate of his parent's lives.

Richard went toward the barn and took a seat in a nook of the corn-fodder stack that was built along the side of the barn-yard. He did not feel the cold, raw air of the early morning. His mind was too full of the step he was about to take, and what had led to it. Now or never he must quit the farm, renounce the teachings of the Society, throw aside the coat with standing collar, and the quaint, broad brimmed black hat, give up the plain language, reject the counsels of the venerable fathers of the meeting who would surely be appointed to visit him, and prove recreant to the revered precepts of Fox and Barclay. All this was meant by a pursuit of his strong bias for art.

Why was he born with it? Whence came it? These questions he often asked himself. For six generations his ancestors had never touched a brush or palette; nor a painting nor a statue, nor a musical instrument, nor had any drama or work of fiction been allowed in their houses. How had he been created with a passion for color and form, with a love of poetry and music, which neither the dreary farm work nor the colorless life nor all the frigid deadening discipline of the Society could quench?

Going back to his earliest memory, he could recall that when four years old, he was left for a few hours at the house of Mike Willis, an Irish tenant on a neighboring farm, and that Mike's wife had kept him in the utmost bliss by showing him a colored print of the virgin and the infant, and telling him the pathetic history as it had pictured itself in her warm Irish heart. But what was the horror of his parents next day, when he toddled into the room when they were at dinner, and called:

"Mudder, mudder, come see God."

His parents ran to the door to see what this strange appeal meant, and lo! there on the floor of the front porch, chalked in rude but faithful outlines, were the child, with rays of glory round his head, and the mother by his side, holding a cross. He could still recall the scowl that came over his father's face, and his mother's impetuous rush for a bucket of water and the scrubbing brush. Not had he forgotten the violent shake and immediate spanking he himself received for his artistic adventure.

"Joseph, hy're's a letter for Richard-Hiram sez it's a letter from York, and pears as if it mout be on business."

Joseph took the letter, and resisting a strong inclination to open it, passed it to his son. It was from the firm in New York to whom he had sent the copy of his picture, and it read:

NEW YORK, Jan. 12.—DEAR SIR—We have the gratification of informing you that the study you sent on has attracted great attention of our patrons, to whom we have parted

whipping as would have completely discouraged most youthful artists.

Later in life, when he was too old for such vigorous measures, many lectures had he received on the frivolity of such tastes and the wickedness of ministering to them.

These scenes passing through his memory convinced him that it was in vain to battle with such inflexible rules, and that to be free he must leave the farm and all its associations.

There was but one which had really held him. That was Sibylla Vernon, the daughter of rigid parents, her mother even a "public Friend," whose voice at monthly and quarterly meetings was familiar to all members of the Society. Sibylla was not an unusual type of the advanced thought of her sect. Calm, self-possessed, clear-headed, she had announced when but fifteen to her family that her own conscience was her guide, and that in all essential matters she would follow it.

From childhood she and Richard Harris had delighted to play and talk together; and though no word of love, no kiss or no caress had ever passed between them, both their families and themselves considered their union merely a matter of time and money. Nor did this absence of the usual passages of love seem to any one concerned a strange circumstance. They were accustomed to the repression of all outward show of feeling. In neither household had the children ever seen a kiss exchanged among its members, either young or old.

Though devoid of any passion for art herself, Sibylla understood and respected the forbidden tastes of her lover. She looked upon his peculiar abilities as gifts of God for use in life, and she quietly but firmly put aside the traditions of her sect which condemned them indiscriminately.

"Wilt thou presume to deny the many testimonies of Friends, both in England and America, against these sinful arts?" her mother would ask; being a "public Friend" of considerable local fame she never employed the incorrect nominative "thee" even in family life.

"Mother," replied the daughter, "they spoke for their day. I must act in mine by the light I have, not by theirs."

Her mother wisely avoided argument, trusting that the spirit would enlighten her daughter in time.

Leaving the fodder stack, Richard walked across the bare fields toward the plain brick house which was Sibylla's home. His mind was made up. He would go to New York and devote himself to the study of art. He had saved since his majority, about \$350. He had youth, strength, talent, love—but that not enough? Would Sibylla approve of it? Would she make the serious sacrifice it involved?

As he approached the house it was about 10 o'clock, and all the men were out at work.

He knocked at the front door, instead of the side door as usual, and Sibylla herself opened it and gazed at him with considerable surprise in her hazel eyes, quickly changing to an expression of pleasure which Richard did not fail to note, and which filled him with both joy and anxiety.

"Why Richard, what brings thee here at this hour?" was her exclamation.

"Sibylla," he said, "I wish to see thee, and, stepping in, he closed the door, and they both stood in the wide hall, obscurely lighted by the transoms at each end. He paused a moment to recover his control, and then spoke in a low, vibrating tone: "I am going to leave the farm in order to study art. I shall have to give up my membership in the Society, as thee knows. Father says he will leave me nothing if I do, and I know that my mother agrees with him. But I am not afraid. All I ask is that she approve of my decision, and will become my wife as soon as I am able to offer thee a home."

At that supreme moment of resolve all the strength which for generations had been matured by the noble theories of self-reliance, all the passion which for generations had been muffled and smothered under the narrow Quaker system of government and repression, burst forth and were expressed in the face of Sibylla Vernon. She seemed to rise in stature, and laying one hand on his arm, and passing the other round his neck she said:

"Richard, I will come to thee then, or I will go with thee now."

The tone was low and the words without haste, but he who heard it felt in his almost soul no oath could be stronger.

"Thank God, and thee," he uttered, and for the first time in their lives each felt the magic meaning of a kiss of love.

Seated on the "wooden settle," which is the common furniture of the country hall, he told his father's words and action, and his own unalterable determination to seek his fortune in art. It was agreed that they should be married by a magistrate as soon as Richard should have an income of \$700 a year.

Full of quiet joy he went home, announced his intended marriage and immediate departure, packed his trunk, and told Mose to have the ready road ready at 6 o'clock in the evening to take him to the railway station. After the 5 o'clock supper the members of the family maintained almost entire silence, his mother quietly crying, and his father reading the "Book of Discipline," his favorite literature.

The dearborn drove up with Mose, who had been up to the station with the milk, and stopping at the country store, which was also the post-office, had brought a letter for Richard. It was rather unusual for any member of the household to receive a letter, and therefore Mose announced it with considerable emphasis, addressing its master by his first name, as is the custom in strict families.

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## MAMMA'S MAMMA.

Miss Gracia Melicent Davenport was the centre of an admiring circle at Mrs. Broughton's garden party, as indeed she always was wherever she went. For an exceedingly pretty and attractive girl was Gracia Melicent. Her complexion was as transparently fair as the whitest of morning glories, and she had a way of flushing when enthusiastic about anything, which was at least once in every five minutes, that straightway sent the morning glories out of your head, and set you thinking of wild roses instead.

Then her eyes were a sort of beautiful green-blue, and they flashed and sparkled like emeralds one moment, and sapphires the next; and her hair—well, that was a wonder indeed; old-gold in color, and rippling nearly to her little feet when unloosed, and crowning her shapey head, when "done up," with a diadem that many a princess would have given her really and truly crown for, albeit said crown were ever so thickly studded with jewels rich and rare. And her mouth was lovely, though she was wont to open it a little too widely when she laughed; and her chin had an adorable dimple in it; and she was moderately tall and very well formed; and she danced charmingly, and played the piano and harp in a like manner; and she had the cunningest burr in her speech.

"What does he mean by the duplicate study?" said his father in an uncertain voice.

"He means," said Richard quietly, "the picture you threw in the fire this morning."

A new light dawned upon his father's mind. So long as his son's taste seemed nothing but a time wasting form of idle-ness, it had no redeeming features; but the incredible fact that there were people willing to pay hundreds of dollars apiece for such vain images as now stood before him was a genuine surprise. He was too shrewd to misunderstand it and its results.

"Richard," he said with a softened voice,

"I desire that thee would postpone

leaving us for a few days. Thy mother

and I will accompany thee to the city,

and thy father will also not refuse to

attend."

As he went, he said to Mose, who was waiting with the dearborn.

"Mose, thee should always be slow to

anger, and avoid the committal of rash

actions when out of temper." —Our Continent.

Mother Bickerdyke.

Kate B. Sherwood is the editor of a very interesting department of the *National Tribune*, entitled "Loyal Woman's Work," in a recent number of which we find the following interesting account of the patriotic services of Mother Bickerdyke:

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## A ROMANCE.

She didn't like me when we met—  
But turned away and pouted:  
"Twas very cool, I own, to get  
At first a snub so final, yet  
I clung to hope, and doubted.

Strange as it seems, a few short weeks  
Confirmed my sanguine guesses;  
I came to understand her freaks,  
And even dared to kiss her cheeks  
And stroke her golden tresses.

So time went on, and as we grew  
To know each other better,  
She bravely learned to kiss me too;  
And when she strangely tried to woo,  
Somehow I used to let her.

The privilege still yet is mine  
With kiss her lips to smother;  
Still round my neck she likes to twine  
Her soft white arm. I'll drop a line  
And she my blessed baby.

## The Captain's Cook.

Habit is very strong. Captain Hunt had an old darkey as cook and servant who had been a slave for forty years. He had great reverence for a white man, and always did whatever a white man told him to do. This was a good quality, but "Uncle Dick" carried it too far. The Captain would give him a chicken to carry into camp, some day on the march. Dick would wander off, and some private, a great lover of chicken, would swagger up to him and thunder out: "What are you doing with that chicken, you black scoundrel. That man right over there is Gen. Buell. If he sees you with that chicken he will have you hang, sure. He had two niggers hung this morning." This was always too much for Dick, and he would hand the chicken over, and the Captain would go without chicken for supper.

"Where's that chicken, Dick?" "I gib it to a white man wat just saved me from gettin' hung, sah. Massa Buell was mighty mad at me for carrying that chicken, sah."

The Captain would explain and then threaten. Dick would always promise to never give another chicken up; but the next night, with the Captain's cautions in his mind, and the Captain's chicken in his hands, he would be accosted by some stranger:

"I say, uncle, where did you get that chicken?"

"Diss fowl bongs to Captain Hunt, sah. I is his cook, sah."

"O, yes; I thought I knew you. I know the Captain very well. He is my cousin. You remember me, don't you? Just give me that chicken. I'll make it all right with the Captain." And Dick, with the teachings of forty years clouding his intellect and understanding, would deliver the chicken. The Captain would be in a towering rage, and Dick would explain:

"A white man told me to gib it to him, sah; sed he was your cousin, and I let him take dis fowl."

Finally, the Captain told Dick he would have him shot if he ever gave up another chicken. Under this threat Dick came into camp with the chicken, and the Captain viewed his operations as he dressed it with great satisfaction. He stepped away to gossip with the Colonel, when Geo. Hunt, (no relation of the Captain) walked up to Dick and said:

"Well, Dick, you got the chicken safe this time, haven't you?"

"Yes, sah. Golly. Massa Cap gwine to shoot me if I don't fetch 'um, and white man can't fool no mo."

"That's right, uncle, stick to it. Let me heft it, will you?"

Dick in perfect confidence handed the chicken to George.

"Nice fat chicken, isn't it? The Cap's my brother, you know?" said George, and he walked off with it.

Half an hour afterward the Captain discovered his cook sitting on a camp kettle, but in chicken. "Where's that chicken, Dick?" with all the sternness that a disappointed stomach could inspire.

"Yer brudder tuck 'um," sullen and short.

"My brother? I haven't any brother?"

"Yes. He, he looks like you. He talks like you—and he's a mighty mean man—but I dun thought he was a brudder. But he better be caufal, cos dis ole man is mad now, he is. Dey is too many massas in dis company. One white man he says, hold de chicken. Nudder white man he say, let em go. One white man shoot me if I don't, and one white man shoot me if I do. So I can't do nuffin."

George here put in an appearance with the chicken nicely fried, and explained to the Captain that the thought he would post Dick by trying another dodge on him, and that the Captain might not miss his supper cooked the chicken himself. Old Dick looked into the pan with wide open eyes, and while the two were laughing slipped off, went round to the little fire where George had been cooking, and came back with three or four choice bits of chicken, nicely cooked, which George had put aside for himself. Dick precipitated the affairs by turning these pieces into the pan with the others, remarking:

"Massa Jahgo dun forgot some of de nice pieces."

The Captain laughed and saw the point. There was a shout of laughter from outsiders generally, and George remarking: "That nigger's no durnd fool after all," executed a quick departure. This established Dick's reputation, and he carried chicken with impunity until he left the service.

The Strange Fish an Athlete Could Not Lift.

"You look like a likely heftier," said an old Maine fisherman in oil skins, who was advertising a dory full of mackerel at Deer Island, to a lusty young man in knickerbockers and a white flannel shirt.

"Yes," replied the young man. "I'm called pretty strong in the Skowhegan Athlete Club."

"Did you ever lift much fish?" asked the old fellow.

"I never saw the fish I couldn't lift."

The fisherman took out a clean ten cent bill and said: "I'm going on 81 years old next muster day, but I'll be \$10 even you can't lift fish that I can."

"Where's the fish?" asked Skowhegan. "Well, I'll tell you. Here's a fish," and he poked among the mackerel, and pointed to a large, solid, skate-like fish in the bottom of the dory. "Let's see, it's about five feet up to the dock. I'll bet you the \$10 you can't toss the fish up there."

The Skowhegan athlete, thus called upon, deposited \$10 with the owner of the mackerel canning shop, who had joined the party, and went down the ladder into the boat, while the old fisherman climbed upon the dock to watch the feat.

"Stand back there!" shouted the fish tosset, rolling up his sleeve. "This fish might hit you, old man, and knock some of the blow out of you."

"Leave away," said the man in the oil-skins, tipping a wink at the crowd in general.

This rhyme produces envy—strife,  
Within your reason, maybe;  
So let me take a full free life;  
Her mother is my darling wife,  
And she my blessed baby.

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## VARIETIES.

The editor of "Art Bubble," in the N. Y. Sun thus "takes off" the ideas of the color school:

One of the cleverest satires on the impressionists I have heard of was "La Cigale," a farce produced in Paris some years back. The hero is an impressionistic painter. You see him in his studio, surrounded by monstrosities, paste dabs and smears of absolutely no intelligibility surround him in chaotic confusion. He displays them to a poor picture buyer. One immense canvas is covered with dirty yellow paint. The only object visible and comprehensible is a huge knife in the corner.

"Very fine," says the visitor dubiously, "but what is it?"

"That, my dear sir," answered the painter, "is a London fog."

"Ah, to be sure. But, pardon me. The picture there, eh?"

"That is to express the quality of the fog—to show that it is thick enough to cut, don't you see?"

Another eccentricity of genius is to put on the easel. It is a canvas across one-half of which is a flat smear of vermilion, while the other half is similarly decorated with indigo.

"Now, there," says the painter, "is my greatest work. It is my chief *d'œuvre*."

"Indeed! Very fine it is, too. But, pardon me. I am not an artist you know, and I look to you for information."

"Now what does that picture represent?"

"What! Is it possible you do not recognize the ocean, with its sunset sky suffused with blood, and the great dark sea rolling beneath all its immensity?"

"To be sure. Fine—very fine, indeed."

"But that is not the best of it. That picture is really two pictures in one. All you have to do is to turn it upside down. Now look at it."

"Wonderful! Wonderful! But, really, you must excuse me if ——"

"What? Do you not see it?"

"Well, the fact is, I am a little near sighted."

"Why, it is the desert—the vast and melancholy desert, with its blue sky above it and its red sand below."

The following amusing story of an English nobleman recently deceased, is told by a correspondent of a contemporary:

"The duke," he says, "was once in a church when a collection was announced for some charitable object. The plate began to go round and the duke put his hand into his pocket and took out a florin, which he laid on the pew before him, ready to be transferred to the plate. Beside him sat a little snob, who, noticing his action, imitated it by often, tautiously laying a sovereign alongside the actual florin. This was too much for his grace, who dipped his hand into his pocket again and pulled out another florin, which he laid by the side of the first."

The little snob followed suit by laying another sovereign beside the first. His grace quietly added a third florin, which was capped by a third sovereign on the part of the little snob. Out come a fourth florin, to the Duke's donation, then the little snob triumphantly laid three sovereigns at once upon the board. The Duke, not to be beaten, produced three florins. Just at this moment the plate arrived. The little snob took up his handful of sovereigns, ostentatiously rattled them into the plate, then turned defiantly towards his rival, as if he would say, "I think that takes the shiniest out of you."

Fancy his chagrin when the Duke, with a grim smile, put his florin into the plate, and finally swept the remaining six back into his pocket!

DURING the last break in oil, a woman who had ridden four or five blocks in a street car with a lone gentleman, suddenly turned upon him with:

"You do that again and I'll appeal to the driver!"

"W—what!" he gasped.

"Oh! you villain, you know what!"

"Madam, upon my soul I don't understand!"

"Sir! you winked at me three different times!"

"I did! great Scott! Madam, but I wasn't aware of it! I am the holder of 95,000 barrels of oil, and am being squeezed so hard that I am scarcely in my right mind! Wink at you! Why, woman, if oil should ever advance 28 cents per gallon, I would not dare wink at an hotel waiter! Squeezed out of \$16,000 in one hour, and then charged with having a corner on the winking business! Madam, I—" But she rang the bell and left him alone.

A PRETTY girl had a bashful artist for a sweet-heart, but he would never come to the point. One night after he had made a desperate attempt to test her feelings, she looked at him in a very significant way.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked with a startled look.

"Do you profess to be an artist?" she replied evenly.

"Yes."

"Do you think you are a good one?"

"I flatter myself that I am."

"Well, I don't think so."

"Why not?"

"Because you cannot even draw an inferior."

He did though; and now they draw conclusions.

"WHAT's the matter with that pig?" asked the city chap of Farmer Furrow, who stood by the pen gazing at the grunting animal.

"Oh, I guess he's got the thumps," said the old man.

"What sort of a thing is the thumps?"

"Well, it's just like what you have, when that pretty girl in the choir makes eyes at you," grinned the granger.

The young man blushed like a beet and stammered:

"Whoa-whoa-what do you mean, sir, by that?"

"Oh, nothin', nothin'," soothingly replied the farmer, as he scratched the pig's back with a stick; "the poor critter's only got an affection of the heart. But he'll soon get over it; just like you."

A Bashful young man went three times to ask a beautiful young lady if he might be the partner of her joys and sorrows and other household furniture; but each time his heart failed him, and he took the question away unposed. She saw the anguish of his soul, and wanted to know what for. And she, in the fulness of her heart, said she did not know but that he would want to screw up his courage before he left. He took the hint and the girl.

Catching my breath I protested: "Broad avenue! Double-track street-car line! Great king, this is an open prairie! It has never been plowed."

But from the other pocket jingled another roll of papers. "Here is the plan of a street I had recorded this morning and here is a petition for a street car line. In sixty days you will have both. Here I have a deal filled out except signing, and I can make this lot right over to you now. We'll get witness names down town."

"Your lot?" I timidly ventured.

"Small, only sixteen feet."

"Small?" yelled Herrick in a tragic and injured voice. "Do you call sixteen feet front room? Why, you can build a three-story house on that lot, and that is large enough for anything. At this cut the horse and galloped away through the grass, less I should fall a victim to Herrick's blandishments and schemes.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

## CHAFF.

Why is a kiss like a rumor? Because it passes from mouth to mouth.

Key objects decidedly to women apothecaries. He says he could not wish at them without being misunderstood when he wanted his soda strengthened.

At Niagara Falls a young bride was very much embarrassed when a baa-kaan pointed to her husband and said: "Do you want a carriage?"

"Indeed, I don't," was the reply; "pop's too stony to buy me a prayer."

"I then asked him in kissing him whether he had been together at the gate.

"Certainly there is," she replied, "or there wouldn't be any fun in it."

"Bill," said Tom to his friend, whose wife he disliked, "your wife is an ugly woman."

"Well," replied Bill, "that's her privilege."

"Ab, to be sure. But, pardon me. The wife there, eh?"

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The Biblical Recorder says that a young colored preacher in a recent sermon, wishing to impress his audience, recited the following verse:

"The young of the sow are weaned before their mothers are delivered."

The Morning Journal of New York says:

"Ben Ham and Dan Bacon are on the cards for a skating match this winter."

"I am not an artist you

## Petinary Department

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, late of New Haven, Conn., author of "The Horse and its Diseases," "Cattle and their Diseases," "Sheep, Swine and Poultry," "Horse Training Made Easy," etc. Professional advice and information will be given to all subscribers free. Parties desiring information will be required to send their full name and address to the office of THE FARMER. No guarantee can be given that the symptoms should be accurately described. In order that correct information may be given the symptoms should be accurately described. Any damage or loss resulting from the use of any treatment, if any, has been resorted to. Private address, 201 First Street, Detroit.

### Probably Fistula of the Neck.

LIBERTY, Oct. 8th, 1883.  
Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR—I have a bay mare 13 years old, that has a sore on the top of her neck, caused by reaping, and I have not been able to cure it; after it got quite bad, I worked her in a breast collar so as to remove all pressure; lately I have used dry sulphur which has dried it up, but there is a pipe formed in it which is said is hard to cure. Please send direction for treatment through the columns of the FARMER and oblige A SUBSCRIBER.

**Answer.**—From your description of the horse we are inclined to believe it to be of fistulous character, which if correct will require the use of the scalpel to remove it, which operation should be performed by a skillful veterinary surgeon; so long as the sinus remains all treatment will fail to heal the wound. After its removal with the knife, the following will be found a good application: sulphate of zinc, pulv., one drachm, glycerine two ounces, soft water half a pint, mix altogether and apply with a syringe twice a day; keep the bowels in good condition with small doses of aloes, or linseed oil.

### Probably Tuberculous Phthisis.

MILAN, Mich., Oct. 11th, 1882.  
Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR.—What ails my cow? She has had a bad cough, has coughed about four years; about two months ago she commenced breathing hard, can hear her breath 10 rods away, she is in fine order, feels well and dryish; sometimes discharges a little from her nose; if I rub my hand lightly on her wind pipe, makes her cough hard; she lops her ears and has a tendency to hold her head one side. If I have stated the case clear enough please give treatment and cause; the reason I have not done anything before was because she always kept in fine condition. I can not tell whether it is in her throat or head. A SUBSCRIBER.

**Answer.**—The trouble with your cow is due to altered structure in the air passages, involving the lungs and probably surrounding tissues. Your description of the symptoms is by no means clear, but leads us to believe the trouble commenced in the bronchial tubes. At the present time it may be and probably is tuberculous phthisis, a scrofulous affection of the lungs. Medical treatment at this late day does not promise more than loss of time and waste of money.

### Curb.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

I have a three-year-old colt with a swelling on his hind legs, on the back side of the hock, three inches below point of girth. I think it is a curb; one is swelled considerably the other is only a little lump the size of half a hickory nut. I have applied lavender spike, ergamum, iodine, equal parts in three times as much camphor, and a few drops of oil of camomile, one the is lame at first. The first night the unnatural growth was lost spring, thought nothing of it did not see him until two weeks ago. My treatment has almost blistered him, the skin is rough and scaly; hair not off. Will you give me the treatment if it is a curb; if not name it and give me a remedy.

A SUBSCRIBER.

**Answer.**—You diagnosed the trouble with your colt correctly; they are curbs, usually occurring from bruises, injuries from throwing the animal suddenly upon its haunches, going down heavy grades with heavy loads, too early breaking to harness, etc. Regarding your treatment we would say your prescription is not a very scientific one; iodine is the only ingredient in your prescription useful in such cases. The oil of spike is not used in medical practice; it is prepared from the leaves of lavender, and used in the preparation of varnishes. Apply the following: Bin-iode of mercury, one part; camomile, eight parts; mix. Apply every two weeks.

### Anonymous.

YPSILANTI, Oct. 4, 1883.  
Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

I would like to know through the FARMER your views on feeding oil meal to steers that are being fed for market. Would you advise its use before the oil is extracted or after? I have for the meal containing the oil to horses in the spring with marked success, feeding about one tablespoonful each day.

I have a brown gelding well along in years that will rub himself till the hair is off, and at times till a raw sore. Have doctor him for his blood and for ice wet effect. He is thin and eats well. Please give me a remedy if possible. Yours, A SUBSCRIBER.

If the writer of the above will send us his name in compliance with our conditions as published at the head of this department, that we may know him as a subscriber to the FARMER, his letter will receive prompt attention.—VET. ED.

### Turf and Track.

BEN HARLAN, Nick Becker and Henry Armistead, noted Kentucky horsemen, have been ruled off the Louisville course for bare-faced fraud. The horse McBowling, by Tom Bowling, was also included with them. It is about time something like this was done.

A large crowd were attracted to Chicago on Saturday last to witness the expected race between St. Julien and Jay-Eye-See, but at the last moment Hickok announced that St. Julien was not in condition to trot. It may be set down that his day is past, and that Jay-Eye-See is the king of the turf.

At Chicago, on Tuesday last, the young pacer Johnson, in a race against time, paced a mile without a break in 2:10, beating the best record up to that time, which was Little Brown Jug's 2:11, made at Hartford, Conn., in 1881. Johnson has

since been sold to Commodore Kittson, of St. Paul, Minn., for \$25,000.

On Saturday some sharp scamps tapped the telegraph wires and sent bogus dispatches announcing various horses as winners of races at Jerome Park to the pool-sellers in the various large cities. They are said to have paid out about \$100,000 on these bogus dispatches. H. O. Price, of Pittsburgh, whose business in Detroit was broken up by the police, paid out over \$4,000 on one race. No trace of the perpetrators of the swindle.

### Probably Fistula of the Neck.

LIBERTY, Oct. 8th, 1883.

DEAR SIR—I have a bay mare 13 years old, that has a sore on the top of her neck, caused by reaping, and I have not been able to cure it; after it got quite bad, I worked her in a breast collar so as to remove all pressure; lately I have used dry sulphur which has dried it up, but there is a pipe formed in it which is said is hard to cure. Please send direction for treatment through the columns of the FARMER and oblige A SUBSCRIBER.

AT Lexington, Ky., last Thursday, Gov. Stanford's bay mare Bonita, four years old, trotted a mile against time at the Kentucky Trotting Breeders' Association meeting in 2:18, beating Jay-Eye-See's four-year-old time, the best on record, by one quarter of a second. She made the first quarter in 35 seconds; the half mile in 1:09; and the three-quarters was not caught. Bonita is owned by ex-Gov. Stanford of California and is a splendid looking mare, 14 hands 3 inches high. The race was won by W. L. Simmons of Kentucky, and Hugh Jewett and J. H. Bush, Rochester, N. Y.

### Michigan Crop Report, October 1, 1883.

The number of acres of wheat reported threshed in the southern four tiers of counties is 261,411; number of bushels, 8,852,188, an average per acre of 14.74 bushels. Acres reported threshed in the northern counties 37,365; bushels, 413,796, an average of 11.10 bushels per acre. The figures, together with the acreage in May, as returned by the supervisors, indicate an aggregate product in the State of 23,147,135 bushels.

The foregoing statistics of wheat threshed are from records kept by threshers. In addition correspondents have made a canvass and report from the southern four tiers of counties 113,654 acres threshed, from which the yield was 1,670,423 bushels, an average of 14.70 bushels per acre, and from the northern counties 18,886 acres threshed, from which the yield was 163,378 bushels, an average of 11.77 bushels per acre. In the southern counties the average per acre as shown by the correspondents' canvass is 4-hundredths of a bushel less, and in the northern counties two-thirds of a bushel more, than the average as shown by threshers' records.

This is the final estimate of the wheat crop of the present year. A very large amount was threshed when the reports for October were mailed to this office, but it is not probable that later and additional returns would materially change the figures given.

The whole number of answers received in September and October to the question which variety of wheat has given the highest yield per acre, 218 correspondents in the southern four tiers of counties answer Clawson, 198; Fultz, 111; Egyptian, and 50 Lancaster. To the question which variety has given the second highest yield 224 answer Clawson, 188; Fultz, 88; Egyptian, and 57 Lancaster. To the question which variety is third in order of yield 170 answer Clawson, 114; Fultz, 63; Egyptian, and 59 Lancaster.

Reports have been received of the quantity of wheat marketed by farmers during the month of September at 273 elevators and mills. Of these 236 are in the southern four tiers of counties, which is forty-seven per cent of the whole number of elevators and mills in these counties. The total number of bushels reported marketed is 1,334,410, of which 281,534 bushels were marketed in the first or southern tier; 242,274 bushels in the second tier; 208,536 bushels in the third tier, and 84,923 bushels in the fourth tier, and 84,923 bushels in the counties north of the southern four tiers. At 27 elevators and mills, or eleven per cent of the whole number from which reports have been received, there was no wheat marketed during the month.

The total number of bushels reported marketed in August and September is 2,373,395.

The number of acres of oats threshed in the southern four tiers of counties, as shown by threshers' records, is 74,005; yield, 2,17,694 bushels; average per acre, 31.32 bushels; acres threshed in the northern counties 18,735; yield, 356,234 bushels; average per acre, 25.94 bushels. The canvass made by correspondents shows an average of 33.11 bushels per acre in the southern counties, and of 29.07 bushels in the northern counties.

At the Michigan Central Yards, Saturday Oct. 13, 1883.

The following were the receipts at these yards.

Cattle, Sheep, Hogs.

No. No. No. No.

Ann Arbor ..... 12 ..... 12 ..... 12 ..... 12

Brighton ..... 108 ..... 108 ..... 108 ..... 108

Chelesa ..... 13 ..... 13 ..... 13 ..... 13

Charlotte ..... 17 ..... 23 ..... 23 ..... 23

Dexter ..... 100 ..... 100 ..... 100 ..... 100

D. G. & M. R. ..... 44 ..... 44 ..... 44 ..... 44

Fowlerville ..... 61 ..... 61 ..... 61 ..... 61

Grand Ledge ..... 94 ..... 94 ..... 94 ..... 94

Hollowell ..... 19 ..... 105 ..... 105 ..... 105

Metamora ..... 23 ..... 23 ..... 23 ..... 23

Oxford ..... 64 ..... 64 ..... 64 ..... 64

Plymouth ..... 10 ..... 10 ..... 10 ..... 10

Rochester ..... 68 ..... 68 ..... 68 ..... 68

Salem ..... 58 ..... 58 ..... 58 ..... 58

South Lyons ..... 10 ..... 285 ..... 285 ..... 285

Sparks ..... 15 ..... 91 ..... 91 ..... 91

Ypsilanti ..... 64 ..... 64 ..... 64 ..... 64

Drive ..... 5 ..... 20 ..... 20 ..... 20

Total ..... 380 ..... 1,230 ..... 2,073

CATTLE.

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